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AND

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XVI.

An Irishman.—Legs where they should not be.—The young ones surprised.—Perseverance.—'Tis not thro' love of virtue that many people are not practically vicious.—The blue devils.—Why men voluntarily endure toils and dangers.—No merit in honesty.—The great and the good examined.—What will make a man at peace with himself.—A friendly separation.

NOW are you all agog to know what Barclay found, and I have a great mind not to tell you. He found something, like what the Irishman found, who was sent by his master to a friend's house to make an inquiry. There, now, you're as wise as ever! But, come, I will tell that story.

"Well, Blarney," said his master to him, when he returned, "did you find the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir," replied he, "by my shoul did I."

"So, and what did he say?"

"Say! the gentleman say! May I never touch another drop of whiskey if he said a word to me, or I to him!"

"Well, but what did you go for then?" Did not you tell me that you found him?"

"Yes, my shoul, and so I did.—I found him *out*,—found him gone out."

Barclay found his companions all silent. The moon was occasionally obscured by clouds, but at other times shone into the carriage, when our hero could perceive a young lady and an old man sitting backward; and forward, by his side, a young gentleman. Seeing no symptoms of communicativeness, Barclay took up his nod where he had left it off, when the landlord awoke him. He had not continued long in this state, when his attention was excited by a kind of shuffle, and he heard a voice, seemingly the old man's (for it was then dark) ejaculating, "Ah! your leg there again! Recollect our agreement, sir."

Not a word more was said: but the moon just peeping from behind the clouds at this instant, Barclay could conjecture, from the watchful appearance of the old gentleman, and the sheepishness of the lady and the young one, that the former was the guardian (in the shape of a husband, as it afterwards appeared,) of her ladyship.

Barclay did not interfere, but pretended to sleep on undisturbed. In about an hour, the old fellow, tired of watching, sunk to rest, and by his snoring, gave joyful notice to the young pair that he was off guard. The happy moment was seized with the greatest eagerness, and long deliciously enjoyed, till at length, amidst their billing and cooing, the carriage jolted, and the old one woke, and caught them lip to lip. A terrible uproar ensued. The old gentleman exclaimed against his wife's infidelity. The young one protested that the jolting of the carriage had thrown them together. This the lady confirmed, but all in vain; he swore he would travel no farther with him, and entering a town shortly after, the husband with his wife got out at an inn, and knocked them up, he being resolved to sleep there the remainder of the night, to avoid his young fellow-traveller, whom he found no treaty could bind.

While they were taking out the luggage, our hero said to the young gentleman, who was now the only other person in the carriage, "I'm sorry, sir, for your defeat.—She's a nice girl, but the old one's too vigilant."

"Not a bit," he replied; I have come sixty miles out of my way on her account."

The coachman, at this moment mounted the box, and drove off.

"Well," said Barclay, "and you've lost all your pains."

"By no means," rejoined the other, "I was never in such a fair way of succeeding. I shall see her again to-night, or I am very much mistaken."

The stage had by this time reached the end of the town,—he stopped it, wished Barclay a good night, and jumping out, left him in the greatest astonishment at his perseverance in mischief.

Being now alone, Barclay could not help reflecting on the late adventure.—"How much pains," said he, "men take to do wrong,—if they would undergo half as much to do what's right! I own I should like the girl as well as himself, but I would not sustain so much fatigue for her. It seems, then," continued he, "that I have no objection to the vice, and if I am not vicious, it is because I am too indolent! I am afraid this case is too common; and that we are apt to imagine that there is no guilt in wishing to commit a crime, so that we do not actually commit it,—but will He, who sees and knows all hearts, and judges by them, hold us guiltless? I fear not."

Our hero now pursued his route without any farther interruption, until after breakfast the next morning, when they were hailed by a gentleman, whose free manner announced him to be no stranger to the coachman, who handed him very civilly into the carriage. He appeared a-

bout fifty, of a stout make, and of a countenance which would generally be passed over without any notice, but if closely observed, might from a certain gloom that hung about it, be imagined to betray sorrow, disappointment, peevishness or tho'tfulness. He wore his hair powdered, and was plain and neat in his dress.—"'Tis a cold morning, sir," said he, breaking silence.

"Yes," replied Barclay, "it is cold, but not raw. These spring mornings are I think, extremely grateful and refreshing."

The gentleman bowed his head in token of assent, and remained mute for a considerable time. Barclay had recourse to his book. His fellow-traveller made several remarks that needed no reply, and, by his manner, seemed inclined to get into conversation, but without very well knowing how to bring it about. At length he ventured another common-place question, as—"Are you going far on this road, sir?"

"No, sir," said Barclay, "I am going no farther than a little village called ——."

"Aye," he exclaimed, "are you going thither?—Pray, if it is not impertinent, may I ask who you are going to visit?"

"I am going on no visit," replied Barclay, "but on an official visit to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet's. Are you acquainted with the gentleman?"

The gentleman here acknowledged that he knew him intimately; and our hero requesting to be informed a little about the family, he gave him nearly the same description as he had received from Keppel.

"And there is a brother of his," said Barclay, "a Mr. George Pawlet; you doubtless know something of him?"

"Why, yes I do," replied the other, smiling.

"Pray," continued Barclay, looking out of the window, and not noticing his smile, "what kind of a man is he?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "he is much such another man as myself. He was originally a merchant; he has left trade; married a woman whose disposition and pursuits are quite different from his own; and, having nothing to do, he is plagued with the blue devils, and devoured by ennui."

"Ah!" exclaimed our hero, "so it is! Man must be engaged in doing something to make him forget himself, or he becomes miserable: such is our deplorable state.—*The man who loves nothing but himself, loves nothing so much as being alone with what he loves**. All the dangers and toilsome pleasure that men willingly undergo, are merely for the sake of hurrying them into a bustle and noise, that may make them forget themselves. Every man talks of enjoying peace and quiet at some period of his life; but if they once repose, and find time to examine themselves, they are wretched."

"Young man," said the stranger, considerably moved, "you have painted our nature in its true colours; but is it not somewhat hard that one who is conscious of his own honesty, should not be able to find happiness in himself?"

"Simple honesty, sir, is nothing," replied Barclay, "there is no greater applause due to a man for being honest, than for keeping his hands clean, they are both *for his own comfort*. Indeed it is a lamentable thing to see a man pride himself upon his honesty, or the world praise a man for being honest, since it only proves the rarity of what should be (and it is our shame that it is not) as common as man himself. Whatever it is a man's duty to do, and he has it in his power to do, cannot be considered as a merit. Merit implies an act, &c. not common, nor capable of being performed by every one.—Therefore it is, perhaps, (and I am sorry to say it) that most men, whatever they may affirm to the contrary, would rather be *great* than good: by *great* I mean *famous*. I fear I tire you," said Barclay, "or I could read to our purpose a passage from a book I have in my hand, which is, in my opinion, exquisitely expressive, just and true."

"I shall listen to it with pleasure," rejoined his companion, eagerly.

"Notwithstanding this tablet*," says the author, "exhibits the greatest names which the theatre of the world can boast of, all the reputation that man can gain appears very inconsiderable, when we reflect how many are gone before us whose applause we can never hope to obtain, how extremely indistinct is the reputation of many who made the greatest figure in past ages, and how far they are eclipsed by the reputation of those who have succeeded them. Lastly, it hath a peculiar and striking effect upon the mind to consider how widely different a TABLET OF MERIT would be from this TABLET OF FAME; how many names would be totally obliterated, and how many new ones, absolutely unknown to the world, would take their places upon changing the one into the other. And, considering that these tables will at length be changed, that this *tablet of fame* will be cancelled, and that of *merit* or *moral worth* produced, never to be changed more,—how much more solicitous should we be, even from passion for true fame, to have our names written on the *tablet of real merit*, though as yet concealed from human view, than on the *tablets of mere present and perishable renown*; having in prospect that time, in which the righteous *only* shall be had in everlasting remembrance, while the name of the wicked shall rot!"

When our hero had concluded this quotation, the stranger, who had listened to it with great attention, and gazed with admiration on Barclay, said:

"I am delighted with what you have read, and regret as heartily as yourself that there should be people so blind to their true interest as to prefer being *famous* to being *good*; but still am I at a loss to guess what is to make a man contented and at peace with himself, if honesty will not."

"Religion," replied Barclay, "and it is one of the wonders of the Christian religion, that it reconciles a man to himself, by reconciling him to God; renders self-reflection supportable to him, and makes repose and solitude more agreeable to many than the ceaseless agitation and wearisome turmoil of the bustling world*.

"Sir," said the stranger, warmly, "I must have some further conversation with you. Your language, and free bold manner of speaking, please me, beside, though no physiognomist, I have a great feeling of physiognomy, and like a man the better or worse the moment I see his face:—the moment I saw yours it prepossessed me in your favour. We are now fast approaching my old, and your new residence. You will, I dare say, be very comfortable where you are going; I shall endeavour to add to it."

The coach here drew up at the entrance of a grove of trees; and the stranger taking our hero by the hand, gave him a hearty shake, and got out, saying that they should soon see each other again.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon when the carriage entered the village with Barclay, whose spirits were so much agitated with the thoughts of his new situation, and of how he should conduct himself, that he presently forgot his fellow-traveller. The coach stopped at a sort of inn. Barclay alighted, put himself in decent trim, ordered his baggage to be taken care of, and, inquiring the way to the parsonage, set off to enjoy the comforts of a first interview.

* Pensees de Pascal, p. 144. Amst. French.

* Priestley's Description of a Chart of Biography, p. 25. O si sic omnia!

* Pascal, p. 141. id.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE BETWEEN TRUTH & FALSHOOD.

A VISION.

TO impede virtue by misrepresentation, and blacken innocence by calumny, has been the clandestine employment of vice in every age and nation, and tho' the hand of time has endeavoured to detect the forgeries of falshood, and the pen of satire has been drawn in the cause of truth and integrity; yet even their united forces have proved insufficient to retard the celerity of scandal, or stop the current of detraction. One would almost be inclined to imagine that there was an evil principle in our nature, exciting every man to consider his neighbour's wisdom as a reproach of his own folly, and his neighbour's exaltation as an obstacle to his own happiness. The celerity of one writer draws after it the aspersion of a thousand; and the beauty of one distinguished female calls forth all the arrows of censure, and gives vent to all the poison of malevolence; the prying eye of envy is continually looking thro' the wrong end of the perspective, to magnify every blemish, diminish every perfection: no incitements are left to animate languor, or encourage virtue; to disentangle sophistry, or investigate truth; while the great and good are only rendered more miserable by their accomplishments, and incur a punishment where they had deserved a reward.

Such were my last night's meditations on the hard lot of mankind, when sitting in my elbow-chair, I indulged the dark suggestions of melancholy, and listened to the dictates of experience, lamenting evils which I could not remove, and probing wounds which I could not heal, when that sleep which I had long in vain solicited, stole at length insensibly upon me, and conveyed me, in a moment, to the ideal regions where imagination wanders without restraint, and reason resigns her sceptre into the hands of fancy. I found myself on a sudden transported into a fair and spacious plain, where I saw, at a distance, two armies prepared for action, and on the point of engaging with each other. I stood for a while undetermined whether I should proceed to the field of battle or retire to some place of safety, when a celestial form, with looks of sweetness and complacency, approached towards me.—'Mortal, (said the ærial being, with a smile) I read your uncertainty, and know your doubts; behold in me the genius of instruction; I am come to calm thy fears, and withdraw the veil of ignorance from thy understanding. Know then, the place thou seest before thee is the spot appointed to determine the fate of mankind in this decisive day, between the rival powers of Truth and Falshood, who have been long contending for the empire of the world: come with me to yonder eminence, whence thou mayest view the conflict unhurt and undiscovered: follow me and be safe.' I obeyed with cheerfulness the command of my heavenly guide, who conducted me to the promised assylum, which hung immediately over the field of battle, and whence I could perceive the disposition of the armies, and be an eye-witness of every motion. The forces of Truth were commanded by those illustrious generals, Merit, Learning and Time, who were joined by two powerful female allies, Modesty and Beauty: those of Falsehood were led by Calumny, Ignorance, and Malice; Envy and Detraction were employed as aid de camps, and were, as I afterwards found, of infinite service in the engagement. And now,

> ——————together rush'd
> Both armies main with ruinous assault,
> And undistinguishable rage.

The first attack was made by Falshood's right wing, under the conduct of Calumny, on the left wing of Truth, commanded by Merit, who, by dint of courage and conduct, kept the field for some time, and seemed to imbibe fresh spirit from the enemy's spears, which fell blunted to the ground. Calumny, observing this, listened to the advice of Experience, changed her weapons, and ordered her troops to make use of poisoned arrows, which fell in such irresistible showers, that the troops of Merit were forced to give way, and yield to superior force. Time, who was in the rear, advanced immediately to the assistance of Merit, and endeavoured to rally his distressed friends, but was too slow in his motions to counteract the vigilance and activity of his adversary.

I could not help observing upon this occasion, that the success of Falshood was in a great measure owing to the assistance of Ridicule, who, from a subaltern in the service of Calumny, had lately raised himself by art and chicanery, to a distinguished rank in the army: his troops, also, like those of the general under whom he fought, used poisoned arrows, which they shot in the manner of the Parthians, so that they seemed to fly from the enemy while they attacked him. In the midst of the battle I remarked, with a mixture of surprise and indignation, a warrior, who, by the splendour of his dress, and the gaiety of his appearance, seemed no inconsiderable personage, but who several times, to my great astonishment, deserted from Truth to Falshood, and from Falshood to Truth, shifting sides almost every moment, and who was yet received by each with an equal degree of satisfaction. I found, upon inquiry, that the name of this hero was Wit, and soon learned that he had more of Thersites than Ajax in his composition, and served rather to divert and entertain both armies, than to be of any real consequence or importance to either.

From this ridiculous object my senses were soon called off to another part of the field, to mark the bold & successful attacks of Learning on Ignorance, whom he could have put to flight with the utmost facility, had not he listened to the dictates of Pride, and pushed the victory too far, the fatal consequence of which was, that ambushes were laid by the enemy, into which he fell with precipitation, and could not escape from them without danger and difficulty.

Though the two amazons, Modesty and Beauty, most heartily engaged in the defence of their Monarch, I could not help observing the former was greatly deficient in conduct, and the latter failed in point of courage, so that their forces were easily subdued by Impudence and Malice. Their defeat, indeed, would have occasioned a general overthrow, and determined the victory in favour of Falshood, had not Virtue arrived very seasonably to the relief of Truth, with a considerable reinforcement. At his approach every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with delight. Merit rallied his scattered troops, and even Modesty grew bold under his auspices. Beauty smiled with fresh charms, and Learning once more took the field with re-animated vigour. Integrity, who had the first command under this new ally, had brought with him a quantity of shields, proof against the spears of Malice, and impenetrable by the arrows of Calumny; with these the army of Truth was soon equipped, and renewed the battle with fresh ardour and redoubled courage. Falshood began now in her turn to despair, her forces retreated on every side, and Victory was just on the point of declaring herself the patroness of Truth, when the half-subdued combatant, by the advice of Cunning, whom she always consulted, took a dangerous and desperate resolution, which proved but too successful. She cloathed herself in the habit of Truth, assumed her air, gesture and discourse, and coming to the enemy's camp, insinuated herself into the hearts of the soldiery, and seduced the whole army over to her territories, where it was some time before the captives discovered the fraud, and found themselves the deluded victims of Treachery and Dissimulation.—The cries made by the unhappy prisoners on a sudden awaked me, to lament once more the undeserved fate of Truth, thus doomed to fall a sacrifice to the stratagems of Falshood, who has the insolence to boast her perpetual triumphs over the united efforts of Learning, Merit, and Virtue.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

WHAT are the feelings, and what the consolations of a parent beholding an infant in the agonies of death?

His feelings are wound up to the highest pitch of sensibility, inasmuch as there is nothing in this world that can so powerfully interest him, because there is nothing so near to him as his own offspring. How then must these feelings be roused, when beholding an innocent infant in the agonies of death, struggling for help, while the afflicted parent is looking on, and alas! can afford it none! No, not the least alleviation to its painful sufferings! can neither relieve its bodily pains, nor administer the least consolation to the mind, because the infant is not capable of receiving it. Were the infant struggling in the *water*, or in the *fire*, or in the ravenous *lion's paw*, the anxious parent would at once make an effort, and feel no hesitation in throwing himself into the water, or the more dreadful element of fire, to rescue the suffering infant; nor would he hesitate a moment to contend with the most ferocious beast of the forest!—But alas! when struggling in the jaws of natural death, there is no mode of exercising that strongest affection, *sympathy* itself; but in passive meekness he must yield to the stroke, and in silent grief contemplate the distressing agonies and heart-rending pangs which are the relentless harbingers of this awful king of terrors! Here, in mute suspense,—tortured by a thousand alternate hopes and fears, the anxious parent waits the uncertain issue.

——What torture like suspense?
And what suspense like that 'twixt life and death?

What pen can describe! or what imagination can paint the feeling mind under circumstances like these? It is experience alone that can give us any adequate idea of such a state; but it is well for us that even this state of mind is not destitute of consolation. There is, in the association of ideas annexed to this state of grief, a reviving cordial for the mind, a comfortable ray of hope that enlightens the dreary scene, and sheds its beams of comfort all around us. The mind is imperceptibly led from the *Grave* to contemplate the succeeding scene, the *Resurrection*; and here a thorough reparation and renovation succeeds even the ravages of time, and death itself. This, this is the oil that heals the wounds of death, and reconciles us to the dreadful stroke.

Let these awful lessons then lead our minds to drink more freely of this cup of comfort, and help us to anticipate a future meeting with the dear departed innocents, and those future joys,

Which death must ope the door to,
And our pasport sign;
Or e'er we can admittance gain,
Thro' the blest portals of unsullied bliss.

How the scene changes! what a different picture doth death exhibit, while we alternately behold it as a *friend* and an *enemy*?—While we look only at the dark shades, how irksome, dull and dreary are the lineaments? But when we look on the bright side, how cheering and delightful the prospect? We then behold it more resplendent from those necessary preparatory shades in which it was involved; but which now serve to give it the full effect, and add a beauty to its pleasing lustre.—Now the prospect brightens, and we thank the king of terrors for the finishing stroke of his pencil. What we once dreaded as an enemy, we now behold as a friend, and only instrumental in the hands of God, to translate us from this scene of disappointment, sorrow, pain and woe; to those mansions of eternal peace and joy where neither pain nor sorrow dare approach.—Thus can Infinite Wisdom reconcile apparent contrarieties, and "make the evils which we dread the most, our greatest good." Hail then thy sovereign hand, thou potent king! to me no longer king of terrors; but the kind messenger of Heaven, to call me from this stage of care, vicissitude and pain; and land me on that shore, where bliss and happiness reign uncontrolled, and where no alloy can ever approach, to rob the soul of the Creator's richest, highest gift, a place in the eternal Heavens.

Whoever then has felt this aching smart,
This solemn poignant torture in his heart;
Reflect, and pause! nor murmur at the stroke,
Which only for a span of time has broke
These dear connexions, and those tender ties,
Which hence improved we hope to realize.

'Tis all propitious when kind Heav'n bestows,
Nor less so when the blessing He withdraws;
But mortals dimly see the Hand Divine,
And often at His gracious acts repine;
When meek submission would the blessing prove,
Would antedate on earth the joys above,
And find in ev'ry act that God is Love.

R. W.

Characters.

NO. III.

AN IMITATOR

IS a counterfeit stone, and the larger and fairer he appears, the more apt he is to be discovered, whilst small ones, that pretend to no great value, pass unsuspected. He is made like a man in arras-hangings, after some great master's design, though far short of the orignal. He is like a spectrum, or walking spirit, that assumes the shape of some particular person, and appears in the likeness of something that he is not, because he has no shape of his own to put on. He has a kind of monkey and baboon wit, that takes after some man's way, whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worse than those things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but takes his patron out, as a girl does her sampler. His whole life is nothing but a kind of education, and he is always learning to be something that he is not, nor ever will be:—for nature is free, and will not be forced out of her way nor compelled to do any thing against her will and inclination. He is but a retainer to wit, and a follower of his master, whose badge he wears every where, and therefore his way is called *servile imitation*. His fancy is like the innocent lady's, who by looking at the pictue of a moor that hung in her chamber, conceived a child of the same complection; for all his conceptions are produced by the pictures of other men's imaginations, and by their features betray whose bastards they are. His muse is not inspired, but infected with another man's fancy; and he catches his wit, like the itch, of somebody that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. His head is, like his hat, fashioned upon a block, and wrought in the shape of another man's invention. He melts down his wit, and casts it into a mould: and as metals melted, and cast are not so firm and solid as those that are wrought with the hammer, so those compositions that are founded and run in other men's, are always more brittle and loose than those that are forged in a man's own brain. He binds himself prentice to a trade, which he has no stock to set up with if he should serve out his time, and live to be made free. He runs a whoring after another man's inventions (for he has none of his own to tempt him to an incontinent thought) and begets a kind of mungrel breed, that never comes to good.

RELIGION.

[*An Extract from Burns's Letters.*]

I DO not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty *few* to lead the undiscerning *many*; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is, in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment and tatse, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the paintter, and wrapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His soul by swift delighting degrees is wrapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson....

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee!"

And so on in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no'ideal pleasures....they are real delights.... and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal to them? And they have this precious vast advantage, that *conscious virtue* stampts them for *heaven*, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God!

I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes, but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot.... I felicitate such a man, as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment, a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble and distress, and a never-failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave!

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE King listened to Mercia's story with attention. When he had concluded, and appealed to the authority of his royal auditor to do him justice, he was assured that prompt and decisive steps should be instantly taken to reinstate him in the possession of his estates, and he with Maria was taken under the immediate protection of the monarch.

Arthur had discovered the fate of his emissary, and the flight of his brother from the forest of Darwood. His fears were roused at the reflection that his brother might have taken refuge at court. The spies which were employed to ascertain the foundation for his suspicion, confirmed his apprehension, and he trembled at the punishment which threatened him at the discovery of his guilt. A proclamation was issued, in which he was cited to appear to answer the charges which were made against him: but having retired in safety to his castle, he refused to comply with the royal mandate. Secure for a time from the effects of his insulted monarch's vengeance, he prepared to resist by force any efforts to compel him to comply. Surrounded by wretches, who had fled from justice, and who equally dreaded her pursuing them, he was determined to oppose the decrees of his sovereign, rather than appear degraded from that rank he had so long and so unworthily filled.

Enraged at his non-compliance with the proclamation, the King immediately issued another, offering a reward for his head. A body of troops was instantly ordered to march to compel the rebellious Arthur to return to his obedience. The Marquis of Richmond, the lover of Maria, received the command of the troops, and in a few days they were encamped before the walls of Danselwic Castle, whose frowning turrets, well prepared for defence, indicated a tedious siege; and the ample provision stored up by the cautious Arthur, rendered it necessary to attempt an assault. Animated with hopes of victory, and inspired with emulation by the conduct of their youthful leader, the troops of Richmond waited the signal for the attack with impatience. After giving them time to recruit their strength, exhausted with the fatigue of their march, and having prepared scaling ladders, and other instruments necessary for the attack, the expected signal was given. With the enthusiasm of soldiers enlisted under the banners of right and justice, they mounted the towering ramparts, and engaged the defendants hand to hand. The combat was terrible. Destruction lowered above the contending parties, and victory was for a considerable time indecisive. At length the efforts of the royal troops, stimulated with the desire of conquest, and fired with ardour to distinguish themselves under the eye of their commander, were crowned with success. Arthur fought in the foremast ranks. His example encouraged his vassals to continue the combat; but at length, wearied with exertion, their spirits sunk, and they either threw down their arms, or retreated to the higher battlements of the castle. The desperate usurper, raging with disappointment, was compelled to join a party of his supporters, who had taken a new position, and appeared resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Henry, the young Marquis of Richmond, willing to spare the farther effusion of blood, offered them pardon and freedom if they would desert their leader. The proposal was too flattering to be rejected, and Arthur found himself without a friend to assist him. His proud soul disdained to submit to the punishment which offended justice would have afflicted; and in the phrenzy of despair, he plunged headlong from the summit of the battlements. A projection of the rock below received him, and his mangled body rolling down the precipice, presented a sight at once awful and terrible.

The demise of the guilty usurper of the earldom of Mercia having removed all obstacles to the restoration of Manston to his rights and estates, the father of the lovely Maria, after all his misfortunes, found himself in possession of a comfortable tranquillity. Accompanied by his daughter he visited the spot which contained the ashes of his Matilda. A simple stone, on which was etched in imperfect characters her name and title, the tribute of gratitude paid her memory by one who had been a dependant on her bounty, served to mark the place where her remains were interred.—The remorseless Arthur had refused to her who had once been the object of his desire, a burial becoming her rank. Manston heaved a sigh to her memory, as with the tears of affection he embalmed her grave. He would not suffer her consecrated ashes to be disturbed; but erected a

monument to her memory, and endowed a monastry which was instituted on the spot, under his patronage, to whose pious inhabitants he consigned the care of her grave. In the prison to which Arthur had doomed him, and in the bosom of the forest of Darwood, he had equally felt that tranquillity which his confidence in the wisdom and munificence of PROVIDENCE had diffused over his lacerated mind; and now, in the "evening of his days," he experienced the delightful serenity which is the consequence of a life spent in the paths of rectitude.

Maria was united to her lover, the Marquis of Richmond, and by a life of exemplary piety and virtue, compensated for the indiscretion into which she had been hurried by youthful passion. Thus perseverance in the paths of rectitude produces placid contentment, and the errors of youth, (though condemned by the censorious world, with the asperity which ought only to be exercised towards the total deficiency of principle) if atoned for by penitence and self-abhorrence, by adherence to the dictates of propriety and the practice of virtue, will be forgiven, and finally receive the reward of well-doing:—For, as we find in the records of Divine Wisdom, and Apostolical purity,—"*There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance.*" — JULIUS.

[WE had occasion, some time ago to notice, with marks of approbation, a similar production* from the pen of Julius: the observations then made we conceive to be applicable to the present tale, viz. That the moral intended to be inculcated is good, and the language chaste: But the incidents are not so numerous, nor the tale so complex as the former.

A regard for the interests of morality, however, compels us to notice an improper sentiment, that appears in some measure interwoven with the present tale—Maria's deviation from the path of virtue, is treated by the writer rather as a mere frailty of human nature, than as a *crime*. This is a sentiment inculcated in many novels, and even by some *sentimental* writers, who stand high at present in the opinion of the public. But it is no less dangerous on that account; and we would warn our fair countrywomen against imbibing it.

This remark is not intended to discourage Julius's correspondence: on the contrary it is hoped he will continue it, as we are persuaded that his intentions are good, and that an inadvertent error needs only to be pointed out to him, to be avoided.] *Ed.*

* See the Adventures in a Castle, No. 32. Vol. I.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE REIGNING EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Empress Catharine one day asked Prince Alexander, the reigning Emperor of Russia, whom he would wish to resemble most, Alexander the Great, Constantine the Great, or the great Frederic? He replied, "Do not speak to me of such men; their glory cost too much blood; my model shall be Henry IVth of France, who, being compelled to lay siege to Paris, sent provisions thro' subterraneous passages to his revolted subjects,"———Paul I. some months before his demise, gave Alexander leave to ask any favor he thought proper —The young Prince, requesting that his Majesty would not be offended, thus nobly expressed himself:—"I request then that any verbal order against a subject may not be put in execution until four and twenty hours shall have elapsed." The Emperor granted his request, and confirmed it by proclamation.

The coronation of this amiable monarch took place at Moscow, with great pomp, on the 27th of September, 1801.

THE AGED VETERAN.

THERE is now at Tours, in France, a veteran, aged 103, who has been employed in all the wars of Europe, almost from the beginning of the last century. At the siege of Kehl, in 1733, he received no less than seven sabre wounds, six of which were on the head. At the battle of Fontenoy, he saw three of his brothers perish by his side, and in America his son lost his life. Since the Revolution he has distinguished himself; and during his whole military career, he never but once received the slightest punishment, and on that occasion he erred from the excess of his courage.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN.

The following is a specimen of a particular mode of Communication called TRANS-HAND, which any person may acquire, so as to speak and write it with ease, in two hours time. I would thank any of your ingenious correspondents for the Key and a translation.

LINGUISTICUS.

A VERSE IN ECCLESIASTES.

Witden it geed wish um imholisumco, & by is sholo it plefis se shon shus too sho tam: fel witden it u dofomco; umd nemoy it u dofomco, bas sho oxcorromcy ef kmewrodgo it, shus witden givosh rifo se shon shus huvo is.

ANECDOTES.

IN the American war, an Irishman who was reputed a faithful and brave soldier, and much esteemed by the officers, obtained leave one day to ramble out from the camp, and as he passed by a farmer's house, a cock and hen turkey were sitting on a fence. The cock agreeably to his nature gabbled at him; Paddy caught them both and brought them to the camp without injury; the owner followed him, and entered a complaint against him. A Court Martial was called, his Captain was President, and was the first to examine him—How, says he, is this, Jemmy, that you have stole the man's turkeys? He denied stealing them, saying, my Captain well knows that I have been a good friend to my country, and could never bear the name of tory: as I was passing by the man's house, that red-headed devil stept up, and calls out tory, tory, and I would not bear it at his hands, so I took him and brought him to camp for trial—Well, says his captain, but you brought the hen, and she has done no crime.—Faith says he, she was the only witness I had against him. The witty turn of Paddy, so pleased the Court Martial, that they paid the owner for his turkeys, and gave them to Jemmy to take and punish them his own way.

Mr. Burke, author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, going to a bookcase, and finding it locked, said, This is "*Locke on the Human Understanding.*"

THE

JUVENILE OLIO;

OR

PARNASSIAN BUDS.

BY AMYNTOR.

DEDICATED

(BY PERMISSION)

TO JAMES A. NEAL,

Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that these Poems will be put to press as soon as 400 subscribers are obtained. As the subscription is increasing fast, and the number to be struckoff will be limited, it is requested that those who wish to subscribe will come forward early, in order that the number of copies may be ascertained in time.

Proposals, for subscriptions, are left at the Philadelphia Library, at the Circulating Libraries of Messrs PHILLIPS and CHALK, and at the Bookstores of Messrs CAREY, S. BRADFORD, DUANE, JOHNSTON, ORMROD, DOBSON, RICE, WOODWARD and BYRNE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XIV.

WINTER.

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
GOLDSMITH.

At length, stern *Winter*, on his storm-wing'd car,
From distant ice-clad regions rushes forth,
Borne on the frigid pinions of the North,
And sounds his triumph o'er the year afar.

Joyless the day, and cheerless is the night;
Save, where Prosperity or Plenty smiles,
Where social converse the long hours beguiles,
And Earth's enjoyments spread around delight.

Ah! let the sons of Affluence, wrapt in bliss,
Now call to mind "the houseless child of want,"
Without one friend, and life's poor pittance scant,
Pining midst frosts, and—dying in distress.

Oh!—while the treasures of this world we prove,
To Man be charity, to HEAV'N be love!

AMYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

Delightful Bard! Thou fav'rite of the nine!
How does thy verse with matchless beauty shine!
Thy numbers so much pleasure do impart,
That while they captivate, they thrill the heart.
Each charming picture that thy fancy drew,
Makes us admire each image held to view:
Who then, but with contempt, can read the lays
Of Critics, carping at thy well-earn'd praise?
E'en now, some angel whispers in my ear,
"His soul is noble, gen'rous and sincere:"
To me a lesson do thy lines impart,
Grav'd on the living tablet of my heart.
When life and all its tedious scenes are o'er,
And thy fine-feeling heart shall beat no more;
Thy matchless writings shall enrol thy name
Among the Poets on the list of Fame—
Accept these lines, tho' artless and but few,
As a small tribute to thy merit due.

HOLTIMNA.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 16, 1802.

FIRE!

YESTERDAY morning, a little before day-light, the dwelling-house of Mr. Richard Wevil, nearly opposite to the State House in Chesnut-street, was discovered to be all in flames. The alarm was immediately sounded, and the Citizens, with their usual alacrity, repaired to the spot; but the fire had made so much head, that their utmost exertions were not sufficient to get it under before it had consumed the house, (a wooden building) with all the houshold furniture and other property of Mr. W. except (as we are informed) his account-books, to the amount of not less than 4,000 dols. which was unfortunately uninsured. It was with extreme difficulty and hazard, that Mr. W. his wife and only child, saved their lives by getting out upon the roof, and passing from thence to the flat of the adjoining building. From reasonable conjectures, it appears, that the fire must have originated in the cellar, where lay a quantity of pine splinters, near the window, easily accessible to attempts from without for effecting the diabolical intention of firing the house: and, from circumstances since made known to the Mayor and some other gentlemen of this city, there is strong presumption that a *certain* ill-disposed person either perpetrated, planned, or instigated the horrible act; especially as he was discovered lurking at the fire.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Two Enigmas, to be added to the former list of 28 Reigning Beauties. *By one of the* Thirtieth's *admirers,*

J. L. M.

29. ONE third of a farmer's utensil, and a tumultous assembly; for the lady's christian name—A musical instrument, and two sixths of a message.

30. Three eighths of a knot, and the sixth vowel; for the lady's christian name—A man high in office, two thirds of a night-bird, and two sevenths of a title.

SENTIMENT. Sensibility, although the source of our most exquisite enjoyments, yet, by exposing us to danger from every quarter, and rendering us vulnerable on every side, too often occasions our most lasting inquietudes.

Marriages.

Is happiness sought by our Sex, or the Fair?
Quick, let them to Hymen's fair temple repair:
If there, their best off'rings sincerely they give,
Love, Friendship and Bliss will be their's while they live.
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Major James Ralph, to Mrs. Florinda Borger...On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. Martin Reese, to Miss Elizabeth Beard ....On the same day, John G. Harder, late of Germany, to Miss Hannah Holmes.

Deaths.

Life, like a meteor, glows—then flies away;
Man's frail existence stems but as a day:
Thrice happy those, who, when their summons come,
Can welcome, with a smile, the dreary tomb.
AMYNTOR.

DIED suddenly, at Boston, on the 2d inst. the Hon. George Richards Minot, Esquire, chief justice of the court of common pleas, for the county of Suffolk.

.....At Burlington, on Monday, the 4th inst. James Kinsey, Esq. L. L. D. Chief Justice of the State of New Jersey, in the 70th year of his age.

.....At his house in Bristol township, Bucks county, on the 1st inst. in the 77th, year of his age, John Brown, for many years a representative under the old constitution for that county, which station he filled with honour to himself, and country.

Under the head of Deaths, in an eastern paper, appears the following singular account.—Died at sea, by the bite of a shark, Mr. Stephen Petigrew, of Portsmouth. The shark was hauled on board, and measured 12 feet. Mr. Petigrew was standing at the tail, when the monster threw his head back, and grasped his arm; he held it a minute and a half, as the Captain judges, when he bit it off—the unfortunate man bled to death in thirteen hours.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Milo's Sonnet*" is too inappropriate to the season. To talk (or sing) of "*gentle breezes*," and "*verdant fields*," while

"Angry winter howls across the plain,"

would be but tantalizing the feelings of the reader, at least those at the ends of his fingers. Indeed, its originality is doubtful from this very circumstance.

We have been favoured with an poem of the ballad kind, written by a very ancient lady of this city, "*on the death of a beautiful, but very unfortunate young girl, who died in the Bettering house, in July last.*" This interesting production shall have a place next week, if possible.

"*Christianus*" will require some reflection—If approved of, it shall appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRANSLATION

OF THE 13th ODE, 5th BOOK OF HORACE*—HORRIDA TEMPESTAS, &c.

TO FRIENDS.

THE low'ring sky portends a dreadful storm,
And snow-big clouds appear in hideous form.
The sea enrag'd, now spews its angry froth,
Now woods re-echo to the whistling north.
Let's seize, my friends, the moments as they fly,
Ere youth is gone, and wrinkl'd age draw nigh.
The wine invites from former vintage prest,
Then drink, my friends; and now forget the rest.
The times tho' now so chang'd, may alter more,
And Providence our former good restore,
Anoint with unguents sweet, the time now suits,
And drive despondence far with merry lutes.
Thus to Achilles noble Chison sung,
"Unconquer'd hero! from a goddess sprung,
To that expecting Phrygian land you go
Round which the frigid streams of Xanthus flow,
Not to return the fates have fix'd thy doom;
Nor can thy parent sea re-bear thee home.
Then go relieve thy fears by wine and songs,
Two grateful cures for all our earthly [illegible]"

PHILAMOR.

* It will be observed, that the original metre is not followed in this Ode, for which the translator excuses himself by acknowledging it was too difficult for his attempt.

ON FEMALE NEATNESS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy boson's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpl'd from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace;
As nature every morn bestows
The chrystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you married?—Yes.—
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a way'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love:
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still, be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARY .....

TO thee, these lines, the last *Juvenis* sends,
To thee, to whom his ev'ry purpose tends,
Ah! think, with pity think on what he feels,
With pity hear the moving tale he tells.
To him first known, of all the female train,
You chid his love-fits, but reliev'd his pain;
Hear'd his fond tale, with fervour and with glee, (thee
Admir'd his strain—for that strain sung of
How oft does fancy bring into my view
Days of past bliss, which I have spent with you; (bin'd
Recal those scenes where ev'ry charm com-
To nourish love and captivate the mind;
To soothe the spirit, or with fond desire,
Breathe to the heart, and set it all on fire!
Blest were those hours; yet ah! those hours are fled,
And former joys lie number'd with the dead.
Yet, ah, Maria! tho' thou'st prov'd unkind,
Thy lovely form still haunts my busy mind,
Tells former tales, renews my past delight;
But soon the vision's banish'd from my sight.
I tell unto the winds my moving tale,
And rising sighs increase the passing gale.
Yet, ah! my fair, wherever I may stray,
O'er Afric's sands, or Alpine's rugged way,
Still shall remembrance of our former days,
Which we had spent in innocence and ease,
Revive my frame, and all my spirits cheer,
When I reflect on all I held most dear.
Yes, fair Maria! how I love that name!
The only thing which still remains the same;
The only thing the same!—chang'd are the rest—
The *name* alone stands hallow'd in my breast.
Thou know'st, Maria, why we're doom'd to part;
What torture wounds, and anguish rend my heart—
A jealous friend—the cause of all my woe—
The first to separate——the rest you know.
May guardian cherubs watch thy downy rest;
May ev'ry object aid thy high behest;
May ev'ry blessing on thy path be shed,
And ev'ry honour rest upon thy head.—

This, from my heart, shall be my constant pray'r—
Farewel, Maria, cruel,—lovely fair.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Perusing the European Magazine, for the year 1800, I met with the following Ballad, in three parts, called Simon the Pauper, from the masterly pen of O'Keefe. The subject is truly affecting; a generous man reduced from a state of great affluence to spend the last of his days in a work-house; his sufferings and catastrophe are well calculated to excite sorrow and commiseration, whilst the brutal conduct of the overseer must raise hatred and contempt in every breast. As I have never seen the piece published in America, you will highly oblige me by giving it a place in your useful Repository; and I doubt not, but it will be very acceptable to most of your poetical readers. I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

A. G——Y.

SIMON THE PAUPER.

A BALLAD, IN THREE PARTS.

BY MR. O'KEEFE.

PART FIRST.

AT twilight, 'twas bleak for the winds whistled round,
The tune it was sad to the ear;
And nearly with water was cover'd the ground,
The flowers lay drooping like nymphs that were drown'd,
And the heath look'd amazingly drear.

And now from the workhouse poor Simon walk'd out,
A pauper most wretchedly old;
Tho' feeble, the keeper swore Simon was stout,
And should not sit lazing and lumping about,
But must forth! in a morning so cold.

For fuel was wanted, and furze he must bring,
That over the wild common grew;
The rain pelted down! soon his coat you might wring,
And his shirt to his poor shrivell'd carcase did cling,
What a sorrowful sight to the view!

But Simon was chearful, and smil'd on his lot,
With Christian-like patience resign'd;
By hobbling and wading he reach'd the green spot,
And soon at his task our old pauper was got,
Tho' severe! yet he never repin'd.

Nor pierc'd were his fingers, tho' sharp the rude thorn,
Long callous, by labour so hard,
For tenderly rear'd (as he gentle was born)
This victim of anger, this object of scorn,
In his time had full daintily far'd.

Good sense was the prop that supported his heart,
Hewn out in adversity's school;
Himself made the rod that inflicted the smart,
When fortune for him play'd a bountiful part,
He must needs for himself play the fool.

For once in a luminous circle he shone;
Receiv'd by the great and the fair;
But beauty with light from the tulip is gone,
By fraud and by folly was Simon undone,
And sly Cupid came in for his share.

A little he gambled much money had spent,
Kept carriages, horses and men;
To head his best company, ever his bent,
To all who wou'd borrow, most freely he lent,
But ne'er thought to ask for't again.

When Grief in her tears came to sue at his gate,
In smiles she was sure to depart;
This now wretched pauper (too rigorous fate!)
When indigence ask'd, call'd not in cold debate,
That might chill his first impulse of heart.

With graces of person did Nature endow,
As fortune with measures of gold;
Alas! fleeting happiness! look on him now;
Ah, piteous transition! the gentle tear flow,
For a pauper so wretchedly old.

(The remaining two parts in our next)